

A Deal Is A Deal

Ghosts Of Childhood's Past

- III

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A Deal Is A Deal by RigorMorton

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Summary:

THIRD INSTALLMENT OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS:

Ten years after you'd made a deal with Pennywise in order to save your life, the clown comes back to collect. The deal was that he could have you every time he awakens (every ten years) for the rest of your life, no matter what your circumstances are.

Unfortunately he returns at a very inconvenient time... you're married and eight months pregnant.

The clown is undeterred by your current condition and expects you to honor your word.

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Author's Note:

This is a sequel fic. If you haven't read Part one: Unfinished Business, link here <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12055425>

and the first sequel: Time To Float, link here <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12164748>

you really should.

Ding ding ding The sound of the cook slamming his hand obnoxiously on the order bell, rings in your ears as you snake your way across the sea of chairs, back to the kitchen.

It's not a particularly busy day at the diner, just a small lunch rush. Typical Tuesday afternoon. However, waiting tables eight months pregnant always makes the day feel a little rougher than it really is.

You'd gotten married a few years ago to a nice local grocery store owner. One of those single mom and pop businesses. Typical for a small town. Although, you never thought you'd set foot in one of those again, since you'd left Derry, but here you are. At least this town isn't cursed. It's quite lovely actually. One high school, one movie theater, everybody knows everybody. A great place to raise a child.

You push open the swinging doors and run walk back to the break room with the biscuits the cook gave you, to shovel a few bites in before you get seated again.

"Y/N!" Your coworker Sandy calls out to you. "Girl, you picked a terrible time for a break."

"I'm not officially on break." Your voice is muffled from a mouthful of biscuit. "Why?"

A delighted grin crosses the other waitresses face. "The hottest guy I've ever seen, just sat down in your section. Right at the counter." She puts her hand to her heart. "He is to die for."

You shake your head smiling, and take a sip of your orange juice to wash the biscuit down. "In case you haven't noticed..." You hold up your ring finger and point to your belly.

"I know, but that doesn't mean you can't look. And it certainly doesn't mean you can't flirt to get a big tip." She winks.

Letting out a sigh and a chuckle, you wipe your hands with a napkin and follow Sandy out into the dining room. And low and behold, a tall drink of water is sitting right there at the counter, waiting patiently - arms folded on top of the bar.

He is as gorgeous as Sandy said he was. Young, mid twenties maybe. He's got these big green eyes and full lips. His hair keeps falling on the side of his face, making him do this cute hair flip thing with his long fingers.

You clear your throat and approach the counter, already feeling nervous. Something about talking to someone so beautiful is just nerve racking.

"Hi." You give a quick nervous smile, taking out your notepad. "Can I get you something to drink?"

The man smiles politely and squints at the menu. "Um.." He does the hair flip again. "I'll have a coke." He flashes another smile.

God, he's handsome.

"Do you need another minute to decide?"

"Actually I think I'll have a slice of cherry pie with ice cream." He smiles again and hands you the menu.

"Good choice." You smile back and take it out of his hand, turning around to fill a cup with ice.

"You look good." The man says, making you look over your shoulder

in confusion.

"Pregnant... It's a good look for you."

You're so confused. He's acting like he knows you, but you'd certainly remember meeting someone as stunning as him.

"Uh..thank you." You chuckle nervously, finishing pouring his drink.

You set it down in front of him, and hand him a straw.

Those long fingers wrap tightly around the glass, as he pulls it in. He discards the straw and puts the glass up to his lips, taking a big gulp. It makes a slurping sound and some of the soda trickles down his chin.

You can't help but stare. He's a grown man. He certainly doesn't have very good manners.

He sets the glass down, wiping the corners of his mouth with the back of his huge hand. "Mmm. That's good." He smacks his lips together. "Tingles my mouth." The man genuinely seems amazed as if he's never had soda before.

"I'll get your pie..." You turn around making a 'wow' face as you walk over to the pie case.

After heating it up and putting the ice cream on, you walk back over to the counter with a smile and place the bowl in front of him. "Here ya go. Enjoy."

You walk away but stay up front behind the counter, watching the strange man take his first bite. He makes a delighted face as he starts to chew. Obnoxious 'mmmm' noises slipping from his full mouth.

Sandy walks up next to you, watching in amazement along with you. "What the Hell? You'd think he's never had pie before."

"He did the same thing with his soda." You tell her, shaking your head.

Sandy being Sandy, walks up to the man, still shoveling pie into his

face. "How is it?" She smiles.

The strange man licks his lips. "Good enough to make you float." He replies. His eyes immediately darting over to you.

Your heart sinks. You feel your stomach drop. Your hands start shaking. No. It can't be him. And then you remember that it's been ten years since you'd seen Pennywise. Ten years since you'd made that deal and he'd slunk back into hibernation.

"What did you just say?" Your voice is shaking.

"I said, good enough to make you float." His eyes flash yellow for a split second as he flashes a devilish grin - his voice gravelly and demonic this time.

Nobody seems to notice but you.

You place your hand on your heart, realizing this mysterious stranger is in fact the same demonic clown that haunted your childhood. The same one you'd let fuck you twice and made a foolish deal with ten years ago.

"Penny...?" Your voice starts to break.

He holds out his arms nodding. "The one and only."

"What...what are you doing here?" Your voice shaky and panting.

"We had a deal remember?"

Your heart sinks to the bottom of your feet. You have to place your palms down on the counter in order to keep your balance.

"Uh oh." Pennywise cocks a brow. "You didn't think I'd see you pregnant and let you off the hook, did you?"

You shoot him a dirty look - an angry breath coming out your nose. "Ya know, for a second there, I kinda did."

"Well, you'd've been wrong." The clown turns his fork upside down, wrapping his lips around it and slowly sliding it back out his mouth,

devouring the last piece of his pie.

"Now.." Pennywise pauses to wipe his hands with a napkin. "You're gonna meet me outside in back of the diner. We need to talk."

You watch him stand up and pull a twenty dollar bill from his wallet. "Keep the change, sweetheart." He gives you a wink and walks out the door, shoving his wallet into his back pocket like any other customer.

You're shaking all over and feeling dizzy. "Sandy?" You cry out, holding your stomach. "I'm not feeling very well. I need some fresh air."

"Of course. Are you ok?" She walks over, rubbing her hand over your back.

"I'll be fine. I just need to step outside for a minute."

"Go right ahead. I'll watch your section."

"Thanks." You flash a fake smile and make your way to the back of the diner.

Shoving open the back door, you run outside the building seeing Pennywise lighting up a cigarette. "What the fuck?" You mutter to yourself as you approach him.

"Ok...first off, you are acting weirdly human and it's freaking me out."

Pennywise takes a deep breath, inhaling the smoke and blowing it back out in rings.

"Why are you even smoking? It's not like it can affect you."

The clown smiles and runs his long fingers through his hair. "I know, but it makes me look cool."

You let out an exasperated sigh, covering your face with your hand. "You are acting so weird. It's like talking to a real human. A sinister human of course."

"That, my dear...." He pauses to inhale another puff, blowing it out his nose this time. "Is because I take on the character traits of whatever form I'm in."

"Oh." You throw your hand up letting it fall back down at your side.

"Anyway...down to business." Pennywise claps his hands together loudly, the smacking noise making you jump slightly. "What time should I come over tonight?"

You feel your heart sink for what feels like the hundredth time in the last ten minutes. "Penny..." Your voice pleading. "I'm married. I got a kid on the way."

The clown just looks at you through squinted eyes, running his tongue along the front of those big, but human teeth.

"Penny, I know that you don't have a conscience and this is probably a waste of time, but I really need you to cut me a break here. For Old time's sake. Please." You run your fingers through your hair, in frustration, trying not to cry. "My husband...he's a good man. I can't do this."

Pennywise rolls those big green eyes and fakes a yawn. "Don't beg, Y/N. It's not a good look for you."

You feel a lump in your throat and your eyes start to well up. You'd hate to give this son of a bitch the satisfaction of seeing you cry, so you choke back the tears the best you can.

"Why do you even need me? Look at you. You're gorgeous. You could walk into a bar and have your pick of anyone in there."

He squints his eyes, throwing his cigarette down and smashing it into the concrete with his shoe. "I don't want just anyone."

"Oh no. Don't you dare pretend to get sentimental with me. I know better than that. You're not even capable."

"Maybe it's because I already know you can please me. I'm used to it with you. I don't like change. Not to mention, you know what I am. You're still afraid of me after all this time. I need that. I need your

fear."

"Christ, Penny. What am I supposed to tell my husband?"

The clown chuckles. "Nice try. I already know lover boy is out of town for his cousin's wedding."

You squeeze your eyes shut, letting out a heavy sigh. He's always one step ahead of you.

"I don't know why you're trying so hard to get out of this. You already know you're gonna enjoy it. You always do."

God that sentence makes you so mad. You grit your teeth together, trying not to push your luck. If he really were a mortal human, you'd knock his teeth in, even though he's right.

"I assume you go to bed fairly early with working the morning shift..." He puts his big hand on your baby bump, playfully shaking your belly. "And this little bugger right here. So I'll be at your house at eight." Pennywise winks, putting his fist to your jaw, and gently pushing - a playful gesture.

You desperately want to object, but there's really no point. So instead you just stay silent, refusing to give him eye contact.

You look up to watch him walk away, but he stops and turns back around.

"Wear something nice for me, huh?" He grins, before starting to whistle a familiar tune as he walks away casually - his hands in his pockets, looking just like any normal guy crossing the street.

It takes you a minute to realize he was whistling *Time Is On My Side*. It's so strange and random. Who knew human Pennywise would be more disturbing than the clown?

Author's Note:

I decided to split this up into two parts so it wouldn't be so long. Smut in the next chapter.